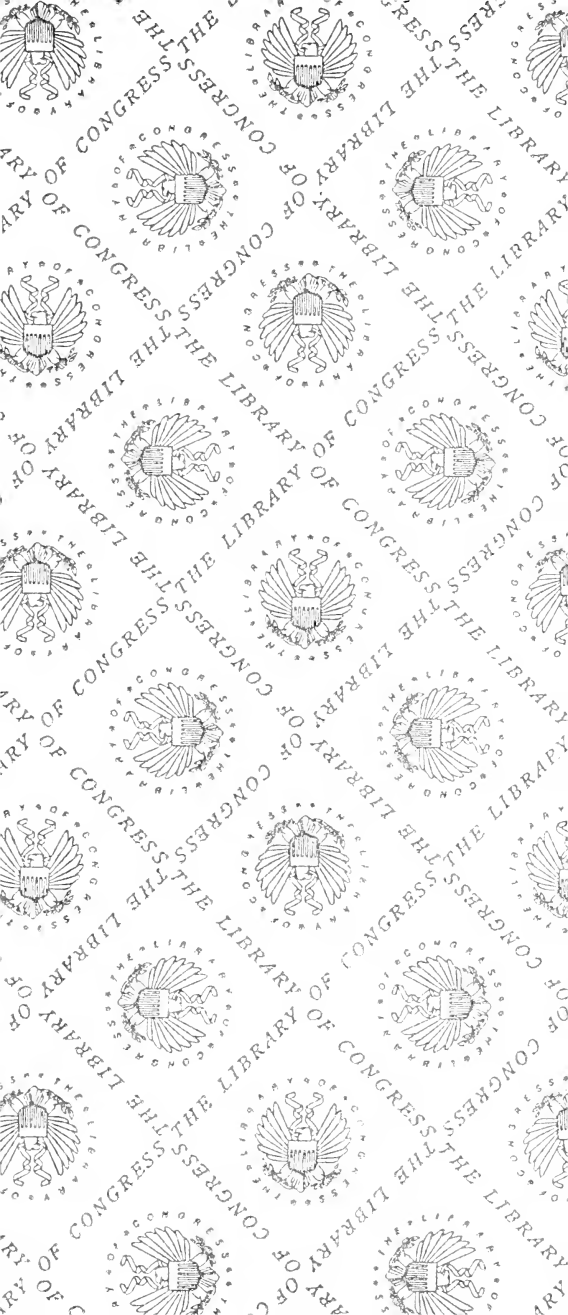
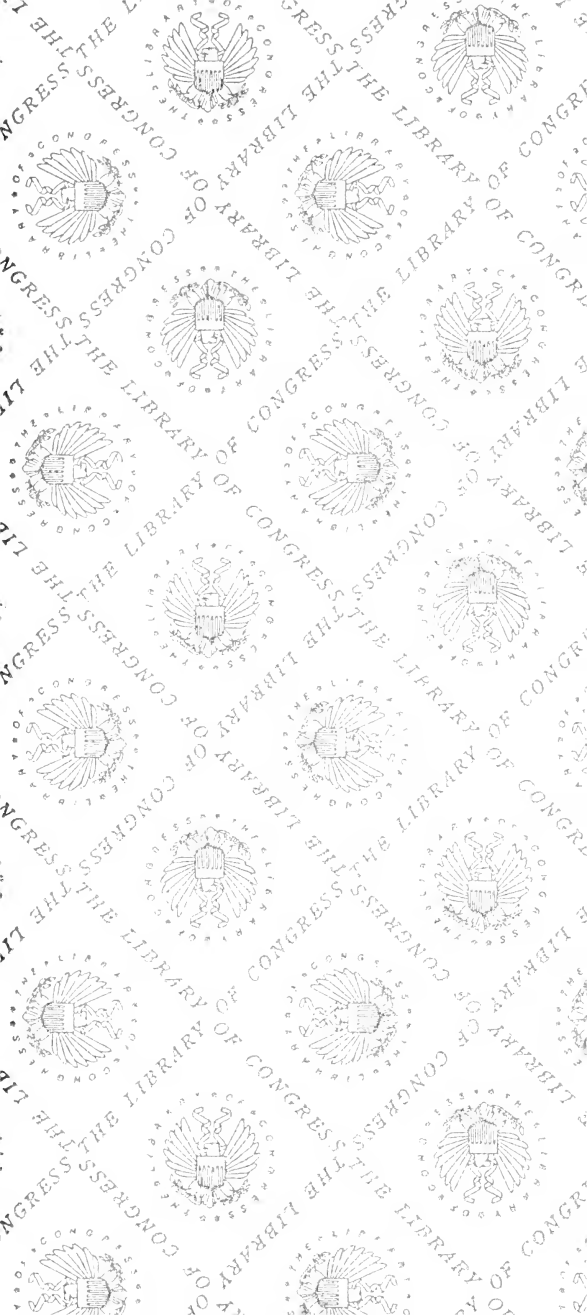


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AND THE STARS SAW

1914
1915



AND THE STARS SAW

W r i t t e n b y
THOMAS WOOD STEVENS
& ALDEN CHARLES NOBLE

P i c t u r i n g s b y
I V A N S W I F T



THE BLUE SKY PRESS

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T H E P O E M S

THE PONIARD OF DAY
AS HAPPENS FOR THE FAIL-
URE OF SATISFACTION
THE KEY WHICH UNLOCKS
THE DOOR FROM EITHER
SIDE

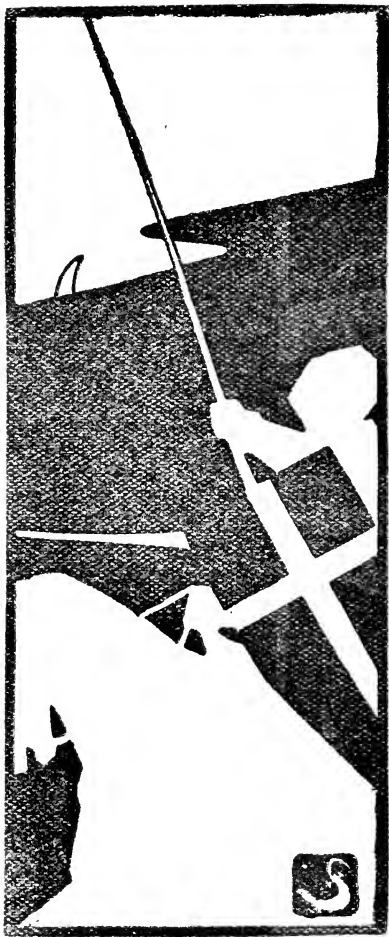
THE LOSER
GALLOWS
ILLUSIONARY
TWIN
REWARD
WINDSWEPT
WHO WEDS GOLD
OF THE OPTIMIST AND THE
SMILE OF THE SKULL
FRAILTY
FOG

FOREWORD

We thank you, Stephen Crane,
for this strange and subtle medium.
As to the things we have written
therein, they are ours; we have
thought them out between us.

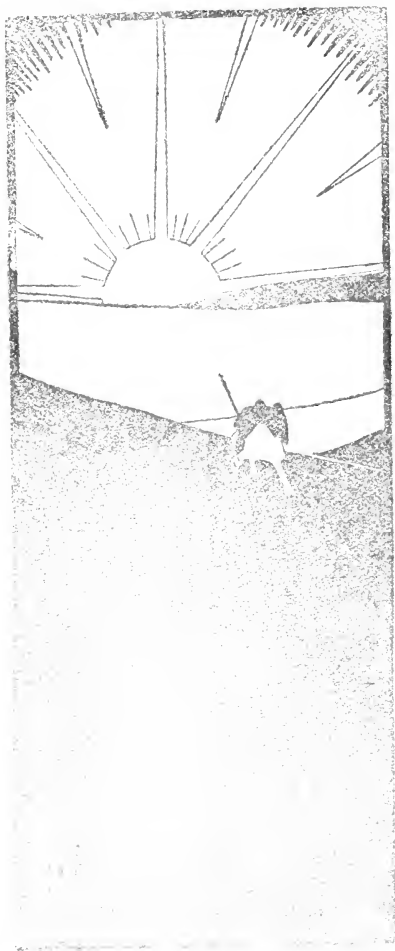
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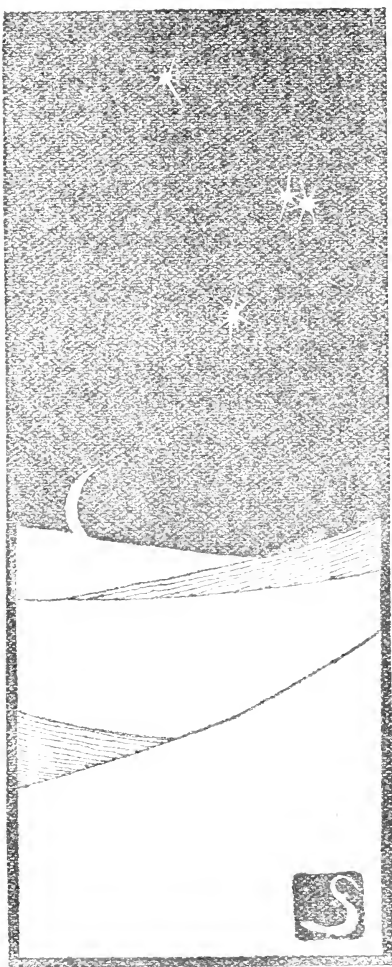


THE PONIARD OF DAY

IN dim dusk of dawn
A knight rode a gray far plain.
His blood leaped for cool lone-
someness;
He cried a wild vacant cry.
"Oh plain, give company.
"Bear me warriors to crashing battle
here,
"Myself shall break them,
"By the Lance of the Dark, broken
"Shall they be.
"And by my hand."
The spreading plain cried answer
Echoless, so shrill he scarce heard,
On all hands.
"By the grim Lance of the Dark
"We shall conquer
"And the hot Poniard of Day shall
make end."
So the knight rode,
Shouting.



Day, and a molten white sun.
The gray plain shimmering white.
The knight rode
Groaning in his mail of despair.
He shook himself and shouted
"Oh plain, give company,
"Let silent dark battle be;
"I will break thy champions,
"I will break thee, oh plain."
And the trembling plain cried,
Roaring hot.
"The hot Poniard of Day shall
 make end.
"Be silent."
The knight's voice sunk.
Failed into the hollow breast of his
 mail.



Night, and the gray plain cried
Everywhere exulting to the leering
stars.

And the stars saw.
The knight was still.

AS HAPPENS FOR THE FAILURE OF SATISFACTION

A poor man was
Once in the everlasting earth.
A silly starved man,
A thin greedy man.
"Oh world," said the man,
"Give me bread or I die!"
And the whimpering world gave
bread.
"Stupid," grumbled the man,
"Where's the marmalade?"

THE KEY WHICH UNLOCKS
THE DOOR FROM EITHER
SIDE

THIS is the key,
This thing of steel, uncom-
promising.
Under her breast, driven hard
It may bring me revenge and white
honor—
And night-cold, dark, starting
Remorse.

If I thrust it still harder between my
 breathing ribs
And twist it, work it about
For free blood flow, and quick end,
It may bring vast sleep;
Or any one of many things whereof
 all men preach
Differently,
And each believes the preaching of
 another.
It is the key.

THE LOSER

A MAN was working
"Do not that," said I,
"Come and be merry."
"You are a Fool," he said
And he worked.
Examinations came.
I passed. The man flunked
"You cribbed," said the man

GALLOWS

IN this dread engine of the witch-
cry of Death
I see the tumult between dream
and dream.

I basked in the Friendship of God;
Ignored, knowing well my Friend;
I had strength
And for the hate of an enemy.
Ah,
Between dream and dream
I must feel a stiff cold rough noose
tight on my throat.
A fuzzy hemp noose.

I am cut dead in the highway,
To seek another Friend,
Having lost the Friendship of God.

ILLUSIONARY

A BROWN eye
Is only a little ring
Centered of wee transparent
black

On a white small globe

With lashes.

And the lashes should be long and
curved.

Restless and lifesome,

Because of the muscles that move it,

It can do nothing

Nothing

Save what the nerve countenances.

It has no power.

But some brown eyes---

When I look into their pupils---

I forget all the things.

IRWIN

DUAL is my Soul.

 (If there be any such un-
proved thing)

 Two, similar yet not alike:

One, a sympathetic cynic

Careless, heedful, indifferent;

And the other a melancholy opti-
mist

 Sounder fit, so fish, worshipful.

And both dream a ~~double~~ life.

 We have a Soul.

REWARD

A DOG is Love embodied;
Liquid speaking Love.
Encased in various hair;
Upon four legs.
Love asking nothing of return,
Love that puts life a toy
For tyrant master.
Love that thrives on curses, kickings.

The rattle of a tin can
Tied to the tail of Love
Is a pleasing sound.

WINDSWEPT

A LONG the streets
The winter whinnying wind
Howls.

And the chilled people,
The helpless hurrying people,
Turn up their collars
In vain endeavor to keep the snow
Out of their necks.
Vain endeavor.

The hackmen shout harshly
To their struggling, straining horses,
And curse in loud howlings
That mingle with the wind,
The fretful, whining wind.

WHO WEDS GOLD

A GIRL, red, black, white.
Red is a royal bloom.
Is she the worse
For an independent gratuity.
For great surfeit of world's things,
She is still royal.
And in her presence, it appears
I think I love her,
Sometime I am certain of it.

You argue poorly.
There are a host of ways
To be miserable,
To be wretched.



OF THE OPTIMIST AND THE SMILE OF THE SKULL

AN optimist,
A foolish man of firm fixed
smile,
Gazed on a sullen dead silent skull —
Head of Death's past.

The skull to the man
Echoed the smile,
Useless, meaningless.
The man, gay laughing cried,
"Ha! and yet he knows,
"Knows smiling."

The man lied.
The skull was a woman's.
Sardonic on his mirthless grin
She smiled.



FRAILITY

I LOVED a man and he was a
God,

I walked with him in silly
easy ways

And we came to a Deep Ditch

Brown, slimy, writhing,

"Leap," I said

And he looked long at the Ditch,

Then leaped he trembling white.

He fell in the writhing brown

And died.

I wept, for

Mine was a mortal God.

FOG

PUFF-wreaths of curling gray,
White against the sable va-
cantness

Of night.

Muffled, groping a tardy way
Through cotton fog,

The chimes come, broke now
By sound of escaping steam.

Sides of gray blearing white
Under uncert shadow wraiths
Of undreamed canvas.

The world is a round Universe,
Of ten foot radius.

With tangible soft sides,
Which, broken, merge to other
Similar Universes.

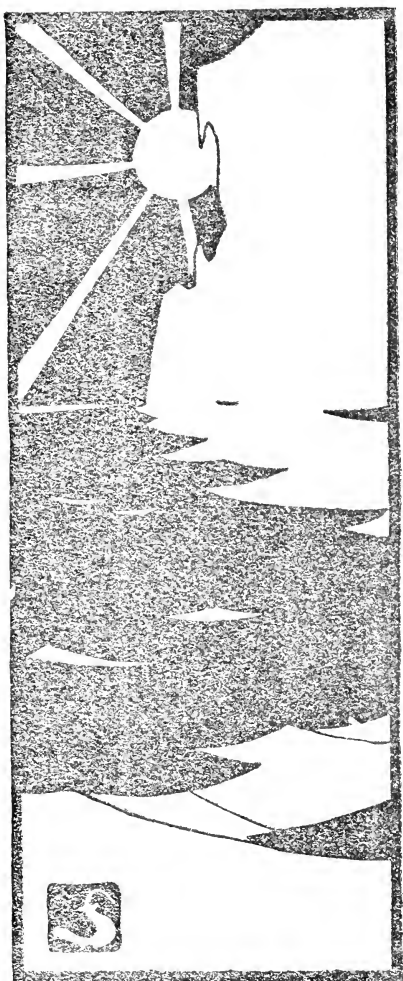
Mingle with curling fog-wreath
Chime of bells,

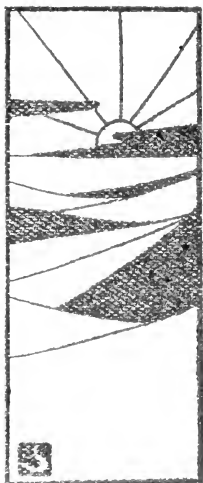
In the thick, rough bank
Of night.



Rows of blinking, blurred lights,
Lights flashing at even space,
Bow to stern.
On all ways, ocean, fog.
Careless laughter, music, unremem-
brant joy,
Within.
Without, above, alone,
Two eyes glare watchful ever,
Unbeguiled by merryness below.
A shape — ahead, on all sides
White, whiter than gray-white fog.
“Hard —”
A cabin passenger shrieks at the
crash.

Spiteful the sun rises,
Orange, spiteful.
Welcome at first, cheerless
Then, with blank bare sea.
Bright is the day, and blue.
The wind is alone.



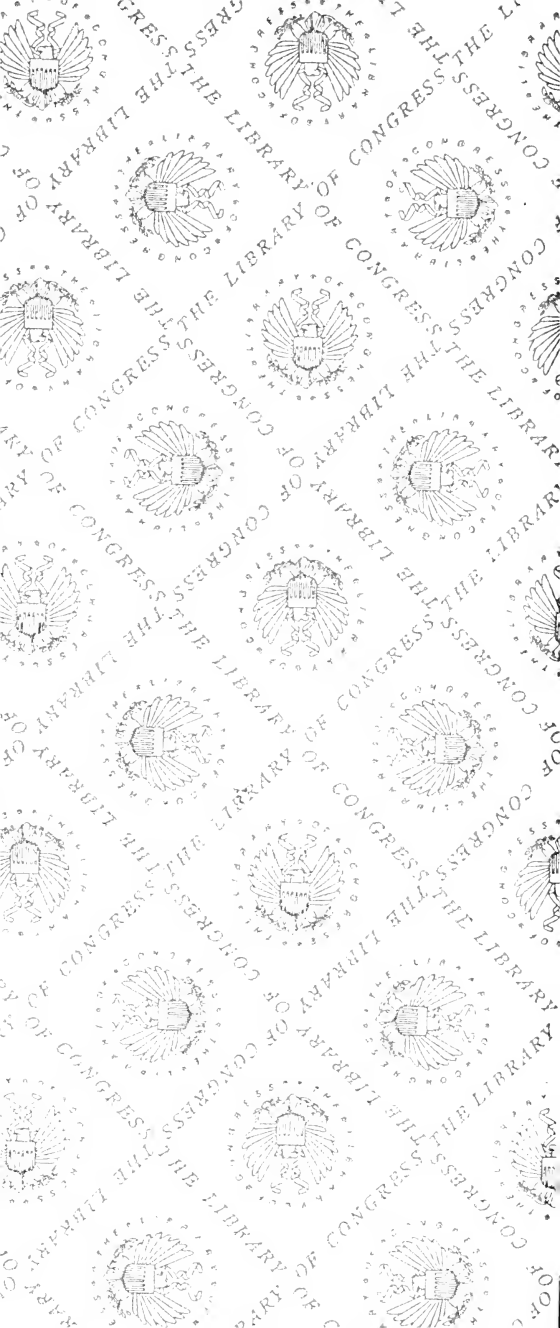


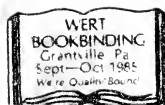
HERE END-
eth the lit-
tle book of
verses called ✽
✽✽ AND THE
STARS SAW;
no part of which
was ever printed
before. ✽✽✽✽
It was written ✽
out, in the first
place, by ✽✽✽
Thomas Wood
Stevens and ✽
Alden Charles ✽
Noble. ✽✽✽✽
The Picturings
being made by ✽
Ivan Swift. ✽✽

Printed on the Blue Sky Press, ✽
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Being the second book by them print-
ed. Published by Langworthy, Ste-
vens & Company, at the same place.

Completed this thirteenth day
of February, Anno Do-
mini Nineteen
Hundred.









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